LOVE

magazine

vol #1. isu #1. 12/2025

”Love Thy Neighbor”

-Jesus ”Fucking” Christ

How lovely it is to meet like this.

Trying to hold eye contact, trying not to think about the giddy smile I can't force any smaller. Looking at the sun-stripe, golden, that raises hair on your arms. Placing a finger through the tiny curl at the nape of your neck.

It is a lovely thing to meet people. And with each new person in one's life, bonds are formed. Perhaps two individuals unite over reading, dancing, or the clothes they wear. They really make each other laugh, or they always find the right joke to get through the work day. One admires the other's steadfastness in conflict; the other wishes they could show emotion like the first. They can't stop thinking about each other's hair. They can't stop thinking about each other's smell. Or maybe, they love playing board games.

And then, maybe there is someone that causes the other to be more wary. They're not sure about the way that person goes about their days, not sure if they'd do the same. But they admire the person's dreams, and the way they think.

Each person that we meet in life is linked to us through various points of connection: some strong, some weak, some fizzling, some sensual, some muted, some inextricable. Sometimes those points add up to make a perfect classmate. Or a friend, or a best friend, or a lover. Someone to think about. That's really what love has come to be, to me. Just two bundles of things that people think about each other, holding them together.

swizbiz

OLLIE

Sharing my love for some friends

Plenty of times now without love so I think it's worth putting into writing

pool boy

never clean your shit

never really know what to say to each other

never really know what the fuck you are doing

never really know how to hang out with you

i like seeing it though

it's like having the main character in a high-school movie
dancing like their crush is going to come dancing to them
but it's actually me

not the crush but the one dancing

cracking heads while looking like high school girls

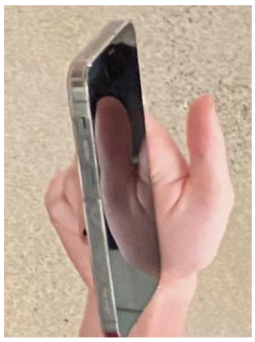




Born in Indiana
Moved to Chicago after _____
Chicago is easier or people to grasp

pierce the silence
give me whatever i forget i require
cigarette every occasion

make any fucking thing so funny you can't laugh
because your mind is so quick
make a crowded place, deck chair, the back of a van unseatbelted - flopping around carelessly - everything ive ever wanted
in a household
in a home - wherever



the summer river shines
with the insistence of one thousand suns

consummate
then wash their hands of their fate
relive your life
through the thought

dancing river flow
dancing women go by

changing their clothes as they escape to the sky

bye bye bye

little green sea

walk with me through the black forest
we'll pick dymondia flowers for our aches and pains
come with me and touch the flowered fields and recover
whatever the city took away from
us again

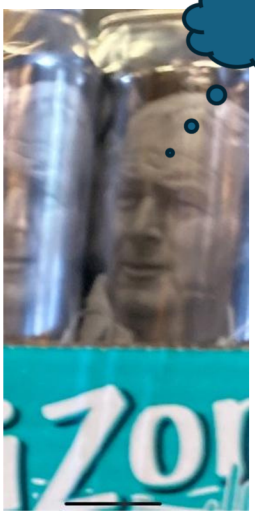
bye bye bye

little green sea

bye bye bye
little concrete beam

consummate reality reflect it in the greens of my eyes then look back at me

tell me all the things I can't see
the ones I can't see in me



let's lie on the ground in a basketball court in the rain look at the reflection of the world in the puddles like we're escaping everything

let's play in the ocean like kids and have a sand fight in a crowd of people again

let's get kicked off the bus for singing creed too loud

let's make everyone else think we're the only ones ever having fun

then collapse from laughter on the floor over just looking at eachother

you're the friend I could never replace with anyone
to fight, talk, play or argue then create a fort

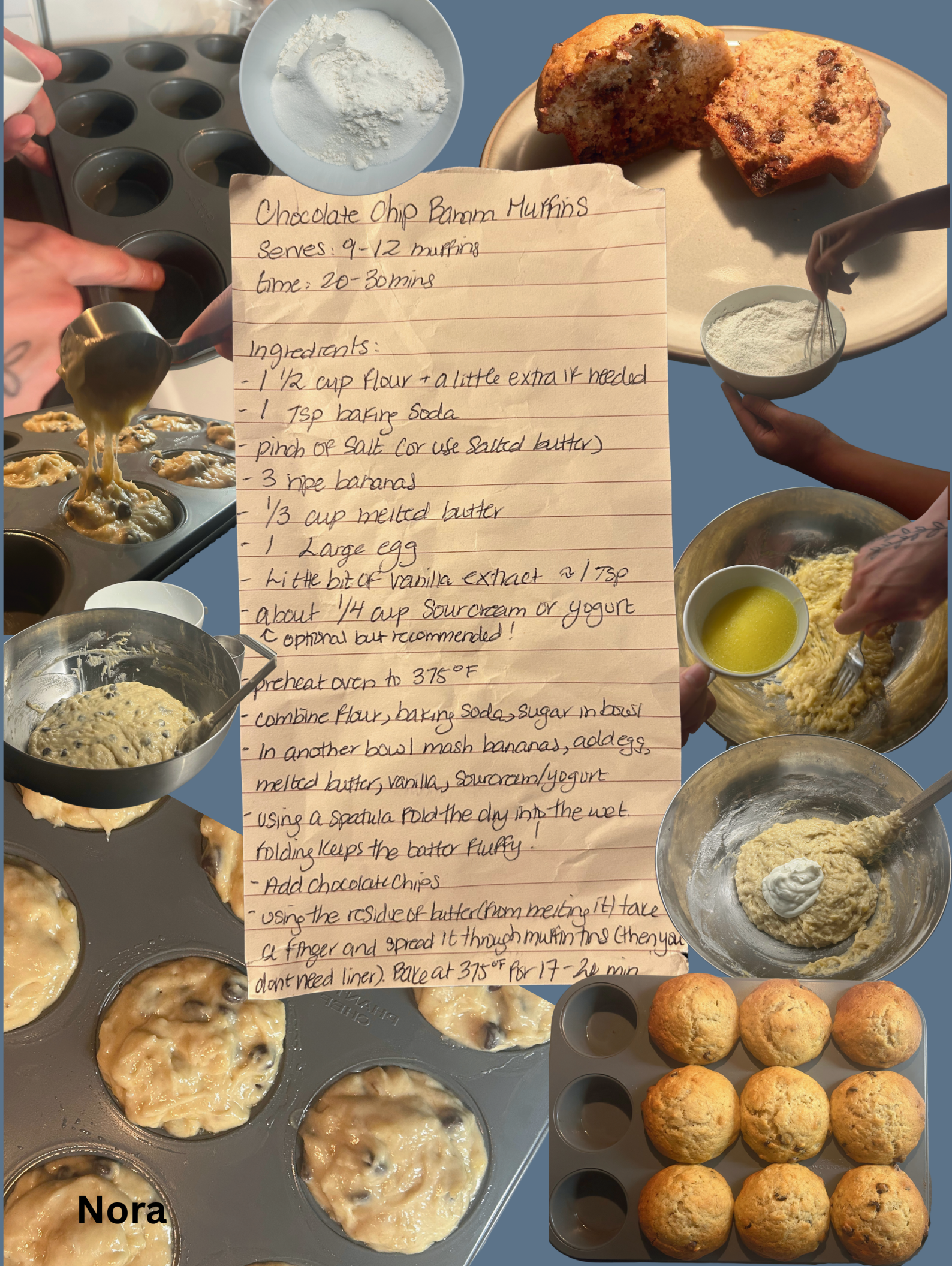
effortlessly cool because you never cared
I have always played with your barbies
and then you played with my rescue heroes

gotten surprised seeing you grow into who you are and have so much excitement for what you are going to create

for your life, writing and be cooler
than I've ever been

you've helped me relearn who I am every time I change
with the acceptance I feel
from you I find i can love myself
never lost when you are in the world somewhere
hiding with your plants and crochet animals





Chocolate Chip Banana Muffins

Serves: 9-12 muffins

Time: 20-30 mins

Ingredients:

- 1 1/2 cup flour + a little extra if needed
- 1 tsp baking soda
- pinch of salt (or use salted butter)
- 3 ripe bananas
- 1/3 cup melted butter
- 1 Large egg
- Little bit of vanilla extract ~ 1 tsp
- about 1/4 cup Sourcream or yogurt (optional but recommended!)

- preheat oven to 375°F
- combine flour, baking soda, sugar in bowl
- In another bowl mash bananas, add egg, melted butter, vanilla, sourcream/yogurt
- using a spatula fold the dry into the wet. Folding keeps the batter fluffy.
- Add chocolate chips
- using the residue of butter (from melting it) take a finger and spread it through muffin tins (then you don't need liner). Bake at 375°F for 17-20 min

Nora

爱

爱很吵，爱很静
爱很痛，爱很甜
爱很远，爱很近
爱很难，爱很简单
爱别人
是一个字
爱自己

爱是一口良药，爱是一则广告
爱是一个巴掌，爱是一个绷带
爱一个死人，爱一个活人
爱一个人，爱一群人
爱一朵花，爱一只狗
爱一本书，爱一首歌
爱一天，爱一年
爱健身，爱吃糖
爱是诚实，爱是撒谎
爱是留下，爱是离开，爱是释放，爱是忍而寸
爱是反抗，爱是投降，爱是填满，爱是留白
爱是短暂的，爱是永远的
爱给予我们一切
爱夺走我们一切

为爱而活
为爱而死
为爱而哭
为爱而笑

Jerome



Helen Shakh

Street Transvestive Artificial

A room full of Quantico's bright-eyed finest are sitting around in stiff metal chairs under yellow buzzing fluorescent light. The classroom door swings open. None other than Dr. Aaron Mosley comes moseying on in, accompanied by a bland, nameless, and faceless intern (See Note #1) who comes behind wheeling a large TV cart with the routine monotony of a substitute teacher. Mosley, high on his daily dose of amphetamines, felt like a swaggering James Brown in a lab coat, complete with his own Bobby Byrd pushing the cart behind him.

"Good morning Gentlemen, I'm Dr. Aaron Mosley, from the recently formed Bureau of Internal Affairs and Studies and I'm here to let you in on one of the Bureau's recent projects. I hope you all did the homework and read the memo about the project's history and goals before I got here, or else this might be incoherent."

A few Quantico boys, plucked straight from Princeton and Stanford, clearly late and recovering from abusing some quantity of prescription medication, looked at each other and shrugged, assuming it would probably be fine. James Brown smiled and silently nodded at Bobby Byrd to put the VHS tape into the TV. Take us to Funkytown, Bobby! Hastily scribbled on the VHS was:

PROJECT: S.T.A.R. - J.H. SESSION INTRODUCTION, 2002

A typical VHS FBI piracy warning appears on the screen before fading to black. The footage skips a little, showing a completely white screen, before an orchestral version of Rhapsody in Blue begins, and a small dyke appears from the right side of the screen and walks toward the camera. She appears in an empty white void in a bright blue blazer; the aesthetic is a cross between a 1980s DARE informational video and an iPod ad. None of Quantico's men have any idea who this dyke is. The dyke smiles unnaturally wide and cocks her head to a tilt. The rigidity and stiffness of her movement can only imply either a dry cunt or a history of goosestepping. The Bureau Diagnostic Manual V notes that in rare cases, it may mean both.

"Hi, I'm Judith Halberstam, Professor of American Studies and Ethnicity, Comparative Literature, and Gender Studies at the University of Southern California. I am a transgender scholar-activist."

The Quantico men have no idea what this dyke means and cock their heads in unison at a 45-degree angle: now Judith and the classroom are all staring level at each other. Faceless Bobby takes a seat beside the TV and starts doodling a picture of himself fucking the shit out of that annoying USC dyke on the screen: the thought reminds him of his UCLA days. At least three other young men in the room start doing the exact same thing independently of each other. The dyke continues.

"To secure the existence of the American people and a future for all children, especially in the wake of the attacks on our democracy launched on September 11th, a tighter and more collaborative relationship between your agencies and public academic institutions is required. As such, we've done our part by helping prepare an instructional video for Project: STAR, or, the Street Transvestite Artificial Reproduction program. I can imagine no more impactful form of transgender activism than the doing everything we can to make sure there's plenty of trans children in the future."

Halberstam continues to lament the importance of societal collaboration for transgender life ad nauseum until Dr. Mosley starts speaking over the dyke, sporting a half smile and a half chub.

Note #1: Interestingly, he wound up actually faceless: he was assigned to the Eastern Front of Juarez for cartel surveillance and became a bit of an internet legend when, after his cover was blown, he was brutally tortured, had his hands turned into bloody stumps, and then was purposefully kept alive and conscious via IV drip while he had his face peeled off with a boxcutter on camera with the song Funkytown comically playing in the background. It was never revealed publicly that the video was of an agent; it was decided the embarrassment and fallout would be too strong and instead his family was informed he died bravely in the ongoing war on terror. Closed casket.

Note #2: Now lacking a father figure, it was decided by Bureau personnel that no-face-no-case Bobby's surviving son would now be a perfect subject for analog transsexual conversion via Project: STAR. Continued surveillance of the boy would show him join a small Mishimite cell while attending university with whom he would often watch a sped-up version of the Funkytown video on loop, changing the music to Die You Fuck by Brainbombs instead. The Mishimites humorously called the ritualistic practice of watching this video "Peeling Back The EdiFace." According to the cell's leader during a regular check-in with a handler in the local police's Mishimite Squad, they believed it "said a lot about masculinity and like, the human condition." The boy would never realize it was a video of his father and never became a transexual, despite rigorous transsexual conversion therapy undertaken by agents from both the Bureau and the Mossad to make him one. Considering the test subject "burnt," Bureau bureaucrats thought it easiest to let him go through with the planned ritualistic suicide on a roof of a university building, rather than pursuing additional adult transsexual conversion therapy, likely through the Bureau of Prisons. Because of a mistake in logistical foresight and heavy winds obscuring their yelling, none of the 87-page manifesto read by this Mishimite cell from the rooftop was heard by students or faculty on the ground. Their bodies were found approximately five days later by a janitor, who was investigating the smell. Closed casket.

Reproduction, circa 2002

“We had to fib a little bit to get the academics on board; they think we’re just making more transgender people with like genetic code stuff; CRISPR shit. Most don’t seem to mind, but some of them get put off by the more, uh, analog methods we actually have to use.”

Rhapsody in Blue crescendos and Halberstam ends the long spiel by talking about the importance of gender identity for everyone, not just the transies. The screen fades and the music ends as Judith gives the camera one last big smile. Dr. Mosley quickly grabs a piece of specially imported Japanese chalk and begins writing a list of items on a blackboard:



(3x) soundproof headphones
(1x) DVD, she-male pornography
(1x) DVD, Pasolini’s Salo (Bureau’s Version)
(2x) TVs or projectors
(1x) Walkman with cassette of Pink Floyd’s Shine on You Crazy Diamond
(3x) condoms, lubricated (optional)
(1x) copy of The Order of Things by Michel Foucault
(2x) male adults – white (short, homosexual)
(1x) female adult – white (tall, heterosexual)
(1x) male child of assessed bureau value

Quantico’s boys are losing their dyke inspired hard-ons and are now diligently copying the list. The Hardest Working Man in Show Business drops the oriental chalk and looks out onto his now flaccid audience, ready to perform Sex Machine for the 6th time this week. Bobby! Should I take ‘em to the bridge? Faceless Bobby is not paying attention; he’s now working on shading his doodle of Halberstam getting railed. It’s a shame, he really could have been quite an artist had things went differently. Destined to miss out on art school like Adolf, but couldn’t even get the luxury to die by his own hand; instead, his prolonged and mangled death became a piece of grotesque trivia. (See Note #2) Alex, I’ll take Musical Cartel Executions for 600. - This dark net classic is known for making the viewer face death to a famous funky tune. - BEEPBEEP – Who was Chalino Sanchez? - That’s incorrect. - BEEPBEEP - What is Funkytown? - Correct. (Applause). Dr. James Brown resumes the night’s performance.

“Who knows what makes people transvestites?”

Several of the boys raise their arms into a patriotic Bellamy Salute, activating their buzzers. BEEPBEEP - Fetishism, sir. BEEPBEEP - It seems like a choice some homosexuals make for whatever reason. BEEPBEEP - Maybe they’re just born that way. Dr. Mosley sighs with dramatic effect. “Gentlemen, what makes a schizophrenic a schizophrenic?” Several of the boys raise their hands.

“Stop answering, it’s rhetorical: we don’t really know. As much money as we spend on the psychologists, they can’t agree on the most basic things. Ask ten top psychologists ‘what is mental illness’ or ‘why can’t my wife shut the fuck up’ or ‘how do the body, soul, and mind relate to each other’ and they will give you ten wildly different answers. But what the psychologists can give us, and pretty scientifically, are correlations between illnesses and developmental experiences. Not everyone who has a schizophrenic family will be a schizo, but they’ll obviously be more likely. Not everyone who is gay will be a pedophile, but there’s always been a lot of gay pedophiles. Most importantly for our purposes, not every transvestite got molested or raped, but a helluva lot of them do. We estimate that by targeting children at the right stage of adolescence with an accelerated sexual development, we can make it to where about 20% of our subjects will be transvestites later in life, instead of the base amount of less than a percent of the general population. Your role will be to instruct others to enact the transsexual therapy. All societies had extensive pederasty industries that were mostly lost with the artisanal class through history. While the small business owners, oh, that’s petite-bourgeois if you did the homework, have shouldered some of this burden for America, AIDS cancelled out their best efforts over the past few decades. Accounting for the existing transvestic population’s low lifespan from lifestyle choices and AIDS, this will mean that at our current rate, by 2025, approximately 75% of the American transvestic population involved in the sexual labor market MUST have artificial origins that can be traced to Project: STAR and it’s affiliate networks in Tel Aviv and Paris, or else market demand will outpace the supply of sexual laborers. Are there any questions?”

“When do we start?”

Cat Sylvia Blackwell

Gmail [redacted]

Submission for love

Liam Grace [redacted]
To: [redacted]

Sun, Aug 3, 2025 at 9:49 AM

Hello Zachy,

Hope you're doing well. Looking forward to hanging soon. Below are some words I wrote for Love. Hope it finds you well.

Sincerely,

Liam Grace

Numbing tendencies

Often I find myself not thinking at all anymore. Systematically checking in when the stimulation from technology, food, and alcohol. I want to stay motivated for what I am uncertain and in there lies the plight of being a modern bum. No more is ignorance bliss as everyone is now omnipotent. But as is known not everyone can or should wield such power. Yet now it feels so deeply ingrained it is as if breathing air. I just want to be alive and have my focus go to present times. My phone just takes me out as if wrapping my head in a cocoon. In some way you break free when you realize things like that. In another way this is just another time I break into focus soon to be whisked back to numbing myself in whatever way you can in 2025.

Trying to be productive

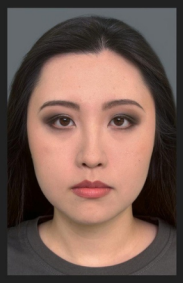
Nothing important or of note just the same ever pressing boredom it warps down on my head a throbs in waves sending me further into the whole. Now active and free to not have the weight of a lazy life I can relax again. Good for practice, good for the soul, an idea of only taking small phrases from a bunch of work and putting it into the magazine. Classic always trying to get out of doing the work, but at the same time doing the work efficiently is not a disadvantage. If you can mold and adapt why not. Unoriginality is congratulated everyday and for common folks or people without a clue like myself it becomes evermore far fetched to live an original life. In a sense the fear creeps in. Good enough for now.

Thoughtfulness

There comes a point in the night that’s not the witching hour but it’s damn near close. It’s the point when consciousness becomes too overwhelming. Most people are asleep

before this overpower emotion slams into the mind like an angry beach. It's the time when you realize that you haven't been listening. To the true stories people tell you. Even if the story is a lie, if you're listening you can find the truth. If one can make it past this hour then they have little to fear in life. Those who cannot must now grapple with the undeniable fact that they have not been present for some time now. It is now up to them to determine how long. Seconds, minutes, years? I feel the sting far too often, and yet not frequently enough. Last night I was in a motel room in Chetwyn BC after having returned from a bar. Snorting Molly and smoking cigarettes in the room was the vibe of the night. It wasn't until a cuddle puddle occurred that the feeling hit. I couldn't get a word in. Until all of a sudden in a room full of people I was alone. I looked around and realized I wasn't the only one alone at that moment because, well, everyone was in their own worlds at that moment. I did the only thing I could think of, I returned to the land of consciousness that resides within my dreams. The only place I and me alone can speak forever. (What a cursed place that is) How can one listen and contribute? Is there a step by step guide? How many times must I hear the same story? Why does someone feel it's important to share? Maybe the answers are simple, but at the same time… This piece is my attempt to catch an abstract concept. An attempt to work of presence. All in the name of thoughtfulness.







Fabricated and applied gelatin prosthetic, punched in eyebrows. Hand- laid facial ha







Fabricated and applied silicone nose prosthetic. Hand- laid facial hair.











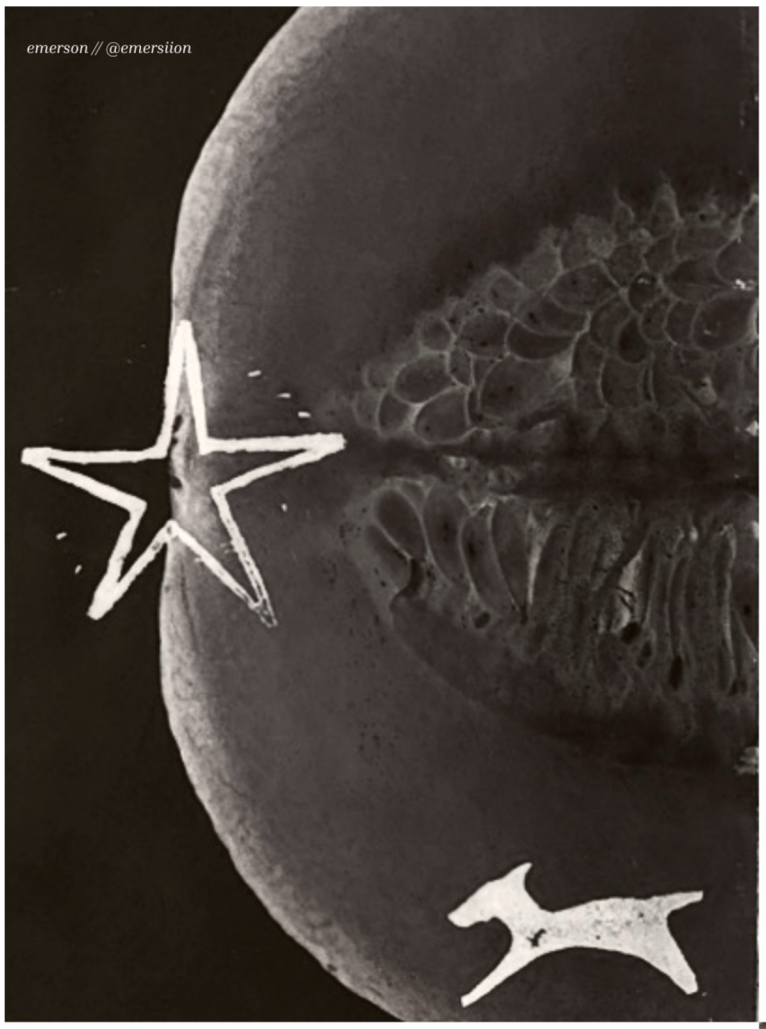
@leilabmakeup



dawn is torchlit, patchy light
painted patio, blue
birds singing, ill-fitting, unmet
conversations left behind evening sun

afternoon is hot, drenched in sweat,
wind strained wood, water stricken,
sticky with wine and wax of two dozen
ceremonies, baptised by the morning dew

dusk arrives at the round table
a white candle wrapped in wire, wrapped
up in old conversation, and stays
through it all, melting to old habits



Three hours ago smelled of rain.
Washed stone overgrown,
Overstepped to overstate
A so-called important drone.

Two hours ago chatters chittered.
Talking through stalls, along adjacent halls.
Click-clack conversations to
Contrast the monotone.

One hour ago was a fascinating contradiction.
Sensed separation, continuity escapes.
And yet, somehow, by the grace of
Whatever decides these things,

Words remain unforgotten

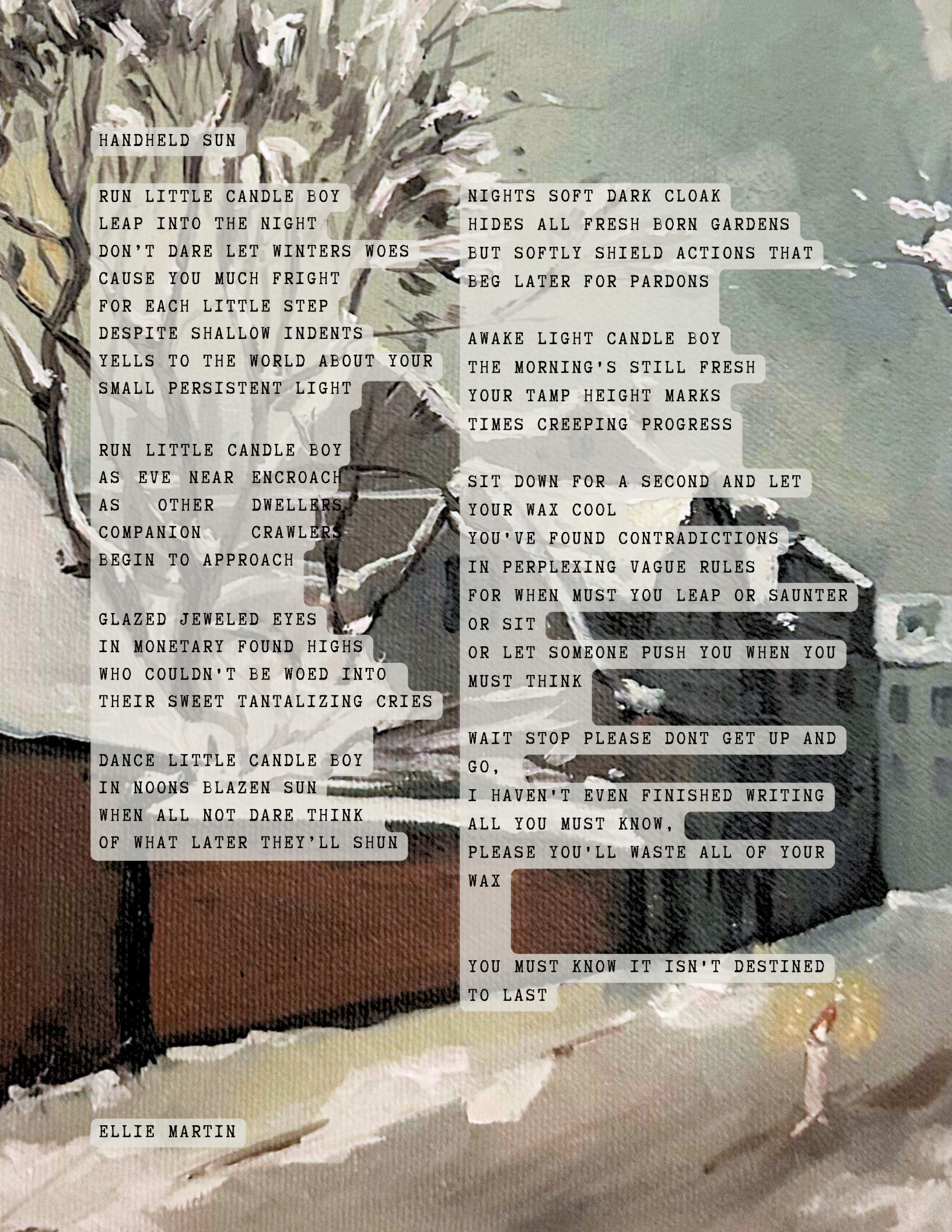
Half an hour ago was routine,
Robotic. An unmanned sailor vacates,
Navigates a corridor back to safe waters,
Moving motionless, melancholy sickness.

The present is apostolic, ebb and flow.
Sorrow in-flux, chopped to pieces,
Spills visible, rivers along
A recent downpour, expressed.

And still, one must confess:
To lighting another cigarette,
As if It kills
Nothing at all.

But doesn't everything?





HANDHELD SUN

RUN LITTLE CANDLE BOY
LEAP INTO THE NIGHT
DON'T DARE LET WINTERS WOES
CAUSE YOU MUCH FRIGHT
FOR EACH LITTLE STEP
DESPITE SHALLOW INDENTS
YELLS TO THE WORLD ABOUT YOUR
SMALL PERSISTENT LIGHT

RUN LITTLE CANDLE BOY
AS EVE NEAR ENCROACH
AS OTHER DWELLERS
COMPANION CRAWLERS
BEGIN TO APPROACH

GLAZED JEWELED EYES
IN MONETARY FOUND HIGHS
WHO COULDN'T BE WOED INTO
THEIR SWEET TANTALIZING CRIES

DANCE LITTLE CANDLE BOY
IN NOONS BLAZEN SUN
WHEN ALL NOT DARE THINK
OF WHAT LATER THEY'LL SHUN

NIGHTS SOFT DARK CLOAK
HIDES ALL FRESH BORN GARDENS
BUT SOFTLY SHIELD ACTIONS THAT
BEG LATER FOR PARDONS

AWAKE LIGHT CANDLE BOY
THE MORNING'S STILL FRESH
YOUR TAMP HEIGHT MARKS
TIMES CREEPING PROGRESS

SIT DOWN FOR A SECOND AND LET
YOUR WAX COOL
YOU'VE FOUND CONTRADICTIONS
IN PERPLEXING VAGUE RULES
FOR WHEN MUST YOU LEAP OR SAUNTER
OR SIT
OR LET SOMEONE PUSH YOU WHEN YOU
MUST THINK

WAIT STOP PLEASE DONT GET UP AND
GO,
I HAVEN'T EVEN FINISHED WRITING
ALL YOU MUST KNOW,
PLEASE YOU'LL WASTE ALL OF YOUR
WAX

YOU MUST KNOW IT ISN'T DESTINED
TO LAST

ELLIE MARTIN

The Whimsy Guide

IF YOU'RE IN THE FOREST, GRAB A STICK, OR ROCK, OR PINECONE, AND THROW IT DEEPER. YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO AND PICK IT UP.

HAVE A FAVORITE COLOUR AND FEEL LIKE EVERY INSTANT OF IT IS BECAUSE THE WORLD WANTED TO SAY THAT IT LOVES YOU

NEXT TIME YOU SEE A PATCH OF CLOVER, CHECK TO SEE IF THERE IS A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

IF YOU WALK BY A PATCH OF FLOWERS, CHECK TO SEE HOW THEY SMELL. AND THEN THANK THE PREVALENCE OF POLLINATORS

DRAW A SMALL SMILEY FACE ON YOUR COMMUTE, SOMEWHERE YOUR DWELLING COUNTS. AND WHEN YOU SEE IT, REMEMBER PAST YOU LOVED YOU TOO.

IF YOU MAKE EYE CONTACT WITH SOMEONE PASSING ON A BUS OR CAR, YOU CAN WAVE AT THEM

COMPLIMENT A PART OF SOMEONE'S OUTFIT.

ALLOW YOURSELF TO ENJOY DOING THINGS, NO ONE NEEDS TO KNOW OTHER THAN YOU

IF YOU AREN'T IN A RUSH, AND YOU SEE A PRETTY VIEW, STOP AND ENJOY IT.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF MAGIC AND WONDER, AND THERE IS NO HARM IN HAVING THE EYES OF A CHILD LOOKING UPON THE WORLD FOR THE FIRST TIME. WHAT IS WORTHY OF ATTENTION AND PAUSE? SEEK YOUR OWN WONDER. BE SLOW TO ANGER AND QUICK TO FORGIVE. BE OPEN TO WHIMSY.

To: Eric Step Dad

Mon, Sep 8 at 3:48 PM

Yo yo yo ! Love if you submitted your list of band names for love magazine !!! If you could send in next couple days would be awesome awesome !!! Only formatting info is one or two pages 8.5 x 11, but I'm happy to help format :))) thank you lots

Tue, Sep 9 at 7:31 PM

Band names
Punk show porta potty
Saturday student shower
Fixed reduction
Serious bouncer
Return of the crow
Two bikes no breaks
David susuki groupie
Gas station breakfast
One week hangover
Touch pool
Insecurity bouncer
Geriatric spinal core
Alien abdominal
Sadame humane
Fucked up for 8 minutes
Virtual reality chickens
Boiled wiener
Metadula de pata
Boner cop
POV carpentry
Potabucal indeed
Toothpaste times a hundred
George foreman popcorn
Cd ceiling
Peanut butter kiss
Hose goblin
When you when you when you
It sounds like a sponge in the background
1000 bones
Boobie brain band name
Pussy bullet
Hand sandwich
Always peanut butter
Butthole finger paint
AIDS grandpa
Gas station lube

iMessage

To: Eric Step Dad

Bloated running
Thinking in Mexican
Cum piled pasta (compiled pasta)
It's edible
Unrelated ous
Breakfast desert
Cheese pickings
Crimson red butt bleed
Alzheimer's phone
Dolphins rape stats
Burrito cheers
Payment denied at wendys
100% caca
The grunt of happiness
Freezer burnt baby's
Purgatory boner
Door to door knife salesman
Dream injection
Full on Crazy attack
Psychosis play place
Negative temp body shot
Sticky blikky bounce house
Blue dot economics
Uncertain moan
Premature ass slap
Bus stop beverage
Meth pigeon
Milk fountain
Exotic foods in delta
Mild mosh pit
Drinking camouflage
Poop backpack
Hot ice cream
Top ten dentists
Scheduled sex
Utopia Mac Donald's
Drippy grandma
Designated gay zone
Minecraft blowjob noises
Dirt husband
Bowl cut bitch
Penthouse inquiry
Piss chug
Man made pain
Grunting in French
Freak Karaoke accident
Best coffee at Safeway

iMessage

To: Eric Step Dad

Best coffee at Safeway
Pretty public piss
Meatball devastation
Party shirt mayor
Anal couch
Competitive cuddling
I love your crabs
Border collie porta potty
Dream referee
Tending the kite
Pizza deodorant c
Wife knife fight
Grill heist
Vulnerable rubber boa
Imagination karate
Sympathy throat
Wacker neuson
100 bears
Fursuit of happiness
Spongy moth patrol
Domestic eagle
The bisons cock
Bread fomo
Half chub Larry
Canadian counterparts
Sewage submarine
Backwards bubbles
Dishonourable discharge
Spiteful meteorologists
Down for disco
Energy fisted
Incest gay stand up comedians
Nutritious oxide nap time
Gas nap mall beer
Worlds first Urban nuclear test site boarding school
Chuck testa cal
Toxic breakup mom
Boofus and schmoogle
Exaggerating dimensions
Anal convention
Dancing in angst
Teeth are body parts
Penitentiary arms
Sergeant penis and the boob jobs
Opposite of outverted
Residual smell of root beer
Stab proof napkins

iMessage

To: Eric Step Dad

Disney cruise sex
Concussion protocol at Christmas
Dick ass and penis
4eign vapers
Born without skull
Flip reset mustard
Seductive vomit
Monical cleatus
Spunk on the clevis
Lizard lunchbox
Cheap smokes
Pall malls 4 the kids

BANG

I love you thank you so much

If you want to write more to fill another page you so welcome

Tue, Sep 9 at 10:04 PM

Hahaha yes dude I'll be working on it tn

Wed, Sep 10 at 12:05 AM

Love you lots thanks boss

Thu, Sep 11 at 12:38 AM

Devils advocate
Unscructurly sound bed frame the squeakwill
Midcoastal positive music
Oversized earlobe
Cactus legs
Pillowcase knightgown
Tiny feet and the bunionettes
Not beatoven or however you spell that
Bugspray
That shouldn't be a band name
My friend Jeff sucks
Mallace in the anywhere

Ahahah omg more

Delivered

iMessage

SKIN★
STABBERR
★

★SKIN
STABBERR★



when I go it will be
as quiete as when I
came.
Another Sunday morning
Black coffe, blueberries
Cigarette, Cigarette, Cigarets.

I walk down Terminal Ave
becoming to the charon
goers, the hippy's
the losers the cardboard
My life's for sale
My life's for sale
my life's for sale.

~~on my retiretement~~
Name your price
~~on my material things~~
~~Set me free~~
set me free
Life my life
let me runaway
Don't you forget
~~a single thing~~
Hold it for me.
~~Set me free~~

Name your price
on my retirement
Name your price
on all my things
~~Shame~~
I have been sinning
saving everything.
painful stomach cane
runaway again
I'm up late again
counting all my things
~~will you hold them for me~~
~~Don't forget a thing~~
set me free
Someone set me free
Ringing in my ears
racing like the sea

Name your price
on my retirement
Name your price
on all ing thing
set me free
set me free

but what do you know
about the big wind
out there?
what have you seen?
where have you been?
where's my freedom?

coyote
coyote
I know
you know
I know you're coming back
climbing in my window
climbing in my bed
you can sleep here
~~by~~ night
see you tomorrow

coyote coyote
where did you find me?
~~all these things?~~
where did you
find all of those
things?

Name your price
on my retirement
name your price
on all my things
every memory
~~every dream~~ [illegible]
~~set me free~~
~~set me free~~
coyote
coyote
coyote
I know
you know
I know you're by my time
crying with me
~~my~~ with me
dreaming, deeply
~~I want you most~~
~~save all my things~~
~~before~~

this life I left behind
coyote
coyote
coyote
my life's for sale
my life for sale
coyote
coyote
coyote
my life's for sale
my life's for sale
coyote
coyote
coyote
what are you doing
out here?
You should be
with your mother

My life's for sale
My life's for sale
My life's for sale
My life's for sale
My life's for sale
My life's for sale
My life's for sale
My life's for sale



AMNESIAC PLAYER GUIDE: 2

A 2-player one-shot horror TTRPG.

> You've awoken in a dingy,worn-downhospital. You remember nothing, barely the basic facts. There is onething you knowthe*doctorshave stolen your soul*, and you must *complete a ritual* to retrieve it.

Required & Recommended Materials: A pen, paper, whimsy, & one six-sided die are all that is needed for the player. Track your stats on a blank piece of paper.

STATS & SACRIFICE: HP is tracked through two stats the player oversees, SA

HEALTH. Both start at 10 points and result in a game over if at 0. Combat is done in turns with player start. The player may find RITUAL TOOLS to assist them in their sacrifices. To attack, the player must roll 1d6. If the roll is higher than the foe's HEALTH, it hits. The player starts with the WRETCHED SCALPEL. To FLEE, roll 1d6. 3+ is a success. Otherwise, -1 HEALTH. If the player defeats an enemy without taking damage, +1 SANITY.

To reclaim what was taken, you must prove the soul still fits the body—and the body still wants it back.

THE RITUAL: To complete the ritual and reunite your body & soul, you need the following:

+ A personal artifact.
+ A haunted mirror.
+ The blood of only two tainted foes.
+ A chalice.
+ Some of your memories.



Before you begin, take a moment to scrawl your name across the page. Is it your real name? Maybe.
Next, answer the following questions (you can write them down or just speak them aloud):

What is the last sensation you remember before waking up here? Which part of your body feels wrong—like it doesn't belong to you? What is your greatest fear?
Now describe yourself. Be as vague or grotesque as you like. Are you tall, short, stitched together, or wrapped in gauze?
To begin, you must explore. At your GM's guidance, roll 1d6 to discover your new surroundings.

AMNESIAC GAME MASTER GUIDE

Your role will be to guide the player through this unique and haunting experience: creating a gut-wrenching and perilous tale.
Sample FOES and RITUAL ITEMS are given, but the GM is encouraged to make up your own!
As the GM, you know one very important thing that the player doesn't—the entire campaign & goal is a delusion, and the player character is schizophrenic.
The hospital is a journey through a psychotic break.
All rooms, foes, and tools are symbolic projections.
Twist reality! Let mirrors lie. Let clocks run backward. Let doors vanish. An uncertain and ever-changing atmosphere is key to the mystery of AMNESIAC.

The hospital is a shifting, decayed labyrinth. Each new hallway brings a choice. Roll 1d6 for exploration.
d6 Room Result Table
1-2: Hostile Entity: Combat encounter (roll 1d6 or pick from FOES).
3: Encounter: A bloodied nurse offers you "the good pills". Roll 1d6. Odd number: +2 HEALTH. Even number: -1 SANITY.
4: Ritual Tool – Found weapon/tool (choose from list or invent).
5: Personal Artifact: See d6 artifact table.
6: Dead End: The room repeats. Something is... different this time. Reroll.

Memory Fractures: Once per result, the GM may ask: *"Do you remember this place?"* If the player says yes, they must describe it. Gain or lose 1 SANITY based on what they say.



d6 Found Artifacts
Upon discovering an artifact, the player must roll 1d6 and add it to their paper.
1: A folder labeled "PATIENT 001: VOID TENDENCIES" filled with redacted psychological evaluations.
2: An x-ray showing a human spine twisted into a spiral. It's labeled with your name.
3: A crumpled note in your handwriting: *"DO NOT TRUST THE SHEPHERD. HE HAS YOUR TEETH."*
4: A photograph of you smiling in a hospital bed. You are missing your eyes.
5: A prescription slip: "Return soul before 3AM. Overdue patients will be repossessed."
6: A severed hand holding a bell.

THE FOES:

1-2: THE SHEPHERD OF FISH & FEAR
Health: 4
Status: Tainted
Combat: -1 to SANITY. Every other round, -2 to HEALTH.
Upon defeat, the SHEPHERD drops TEETH.
Ashambling doctor covered in bandagesstands in yourpath. He raises his scissors to attack.

3-4: THE OBIAS & RECT ANGLE
Health: 3 (OBIAS), & 2 (RECT ANGLE)
Status: OBIAS: Untainted.
RECT ANGLE: Tainted.
Combat: OBIAS: -1 to HEALTH. RECT ANGLE: -1 to HEALTH & -1 to SANITY.
An egregiously large Nova Scotia lobster live & cooked clacks its claws. Behind it stands a bald man that really just goes both ways.

5-6: THE EXQUISITE CORPSE
Health: 3
Status: Tainted
Combat: -2 to SANITY.
An amalgamation of limbsslamsagainst the wall repeatedly, filling your ears with a wet squelch.

The CHALICE is discovered upon defeat of the final TAINTED foe.



RITUALTOOLS:

STARTER: WRETCHED SCALPEL
Roll 1d6. 1-3: -1 HEALTH to target. 4-6: -2 HEALTH to target.

1: THE CATHETER
-1 HEALTH to target upon use. -1 HEALTH each round onwards.
Your foe screams in abject horror. The scariest part? It's still warm.

2: DIRTY BANDAGES
+1 HEALTH and SANITY to player. Consumed upon use.

Theydon'tlookTHATused...right?

AMNESIAC GAME MASTER GUIDE

3: AMPUTATION SAW

-2 HEALTH to target upon use.

They don't want us to cut through the chains…they want us to cut through our FEET!

4: LEECH

-1 HEALTH to target upon use. Skip target's next combat turn.

It's probably lab-grown.

5: DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

+2 HEALTH to player. Consumed upon use.

"…Alcohol, chloroform, tinctures of opium & turpentine."

6: HIS HOLINESS, THE POPE

+2 SANITY to player. Consumed upon use.

Asmall,ornatephoto of PopeFrancis. He smileskindly

COMPLETINGTHERITUAL:

Mirror: When you gaze into it, roll 1d6. On 4+, your reflection speaks back. Lose 1 SANITY.

Personal Item: An artifact you have found on your journey.

Bodily Memories: Describe one act of violence and one of turmoil from the campaign.

Chalice: Fill it with blood of tainted foes. Found after defeating your final TAINTED foe.

The Blood: Kill two tainted enemies. If you kill more than two, the ritual becomes unstable. (REJECTED ENDING)

ENDINGS:

HEALTH REACHES 0: *Your knees give first, sending you toppling into the floor. Your body screams in pain, without its soul you have nothing to stitch yourself back together. You slump, you scream, and everything goes silent.* SANITY REACHES 0: *A scream tears its way through your throat. You quickly slap your hands over your mouth to silence the sound, but nothing can stop it. Footsteps rush towards you, shoving you into a hospital bed and strapping you down. You thrash, you try to speak, but you cannot stop screaming. You feel a cold metal press against your eyelid, and everything fades until your thoughts are little more than colorful mush.*

	HEALTH UNDER 5	HEALTH OVER 5
SANITYUNDER 5	REJECTED	COMPLETE?
SANITYOVER 5	FLEE	SUCCESS

REJECTEDENDING: *You feel your soul reach out to you through the mirror. You place your hands on the cool surface, anxiously awaiting your reunification. The mirror slowly gets warmer, until it is blistering to the touch. You pull your hands away and watch as your soul fades from the reflection. You can feel your body begin to convulse as you collapse onto the floor. Your soul has rejected you, and with nothing to keep you tethered to this plane, your body deteriorates as you return to the earth.*

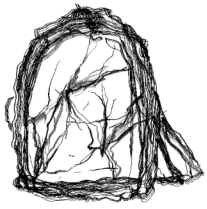
FLEE ENDING: *You steady your breath as the chalice touches your lips. You gag, and the soul in the mirror flickers. You drop the cup, the blood forcing its way back out of your body. The soul flees, leaving only you—half of a whole.*

COMPLETE? ENDING: *You place your fingertips on the hot surface of the mirror. Pain surges through your limbs as your soul reintegrates, a horrible screech rings in your ears as it grinds against your bones. All at once, it stops. You don't quite feel right. Your memories are overlapping and fading. Your heart hammers as your soul fights to get comfortable. Is this right?*

SUCCESS ENDING:

You hold the chalice still as your reflection smiles back, genuine this time. The mirror cracks from the inside. Light seeps through your wounds, cold and sweet, and for a moment, you feel whole. Whether it's real or not doesn't matter anymore. You leave the hospital. No one tries to stop you. The doors swing open to a world that might remember you.

You are whole again.



Adam

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Thank you.

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Local

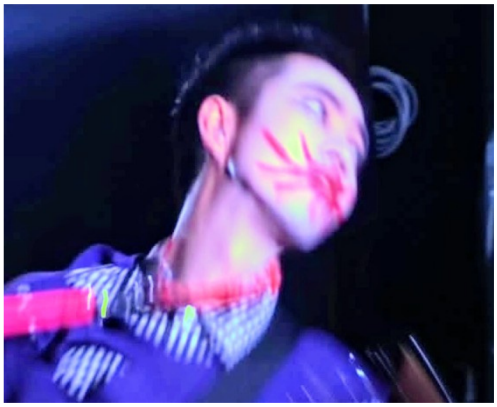
Smooooookeeeee on the waaaaaater - Ollie



writer + lover + creator hailing from many places. dream with me!!! - swizbiz



Hi I am Jerome, I like vanilla milkshake and going to the middle of nowhere



Skinstabberr is a tattoo artist based in so called Vancouver. He runs @thecircustattoostudio with his friends, and strives to create a comfortable environment for his fellow trans and BIPOC community members to get some rad ink.



Lovers

Hailing from Dryden Ontario. Inspired by movements of great apes and sounds of affectionate acts of nature. Eric Shmitt dares to ask the question: huh?



Helen Shakh is a ukrainian self-taught interdisciplinary artist focusing on multimedia collages.



zzz zzz zzz - Willow



Happy Birthday - Emerson



Local

Just a Chill Guy - Adam



I am a person currently living in Vancouver. I thoroughly enjoy art, and one of my favourite activities is trying to find all the species listed in my compendium of local animals. I have found a couple of frogs thus far, and many birds - Nora



Vancouver based artist and art teacher, avid tree climber, mediocre clown - Ellie Martin



Lovers

Hi, I’m Leila and I like to glue stuff onto people’s faces - insagram: @leilabmakeup



Liam Grace is a 22 year old student at the University of British Columbia. He is passionate about the power of creation and how it can be used to make the world a better safer place



Cat Sylvia Blackwell



free page - add YOUR art

thank you

Featuring Local "Lovers"
isabelle mr. liam grace
adam ellie emerson
nora jerome helen leila
ollie cody willow eric
and cat sylvia blackwell

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